A UNIQUE NEW SERIES SHOWING THAT MOTHERHOOD WALKS HAND IN HAND WITH A CAREER

The Diamond of Virgo.

THIS celebrated figure in the stars is now well placed for observation in the evening sky. Starting from the brillant white star Spica in Virgo, which at 9 p. m. is well up in the southeast, draw a line to Arcturus, the great golden star southeast of the Great Dipper; thence to Cor Caroli, directly under the handle of the Dnpper.

Another Gripping Installment of "The Wolves of New York" Today

Magazine Page

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the purchase of Louisiann from France for $15,000,000. It embraced Louisiana, Akansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, part of Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. "I have given England a maritime rival who will humble her pride," said Napoleon in ratifying the purchase.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

Mrs. Pangbourne Provokes Her Husband Into Striking Her and He Is Turned Out of His Home

Part One—(Continued)

Pangbourne rang the bell violently. "you won't go of your own accord?" He turned to Tweedledum with fists clenched.

"Not at your bidding, old fellow," was the stolid answer. "You're no one, don't you know." The mocking imitation of his own mannerism galled and stung the unhappy Pangbourne, who reached out an arm as if with the intention of seizing his tormentor. Again Violet intervened.

"It is I who tell you that you are nothing in this house," she said. "Your quarrel is with me. Now"—as the door opened and the tall, emotionless footman entered—"now what are you going to do?"

"Benson," gasped Pangbourne, "I want this man—Mr. Tweedledum—shown to the door. If he won't go of his own accord, I want him thrown out."

The servant made no move beyond turning his head to Mrs. Pangbourne, as if questioning her will.

"Do you understand me?"

"You will do nothing of the sort, Benson," said Violet shortly.

"No, my lady."

"Turn him out—turn him out," shrieked the frenzied master of the house. "Have I no control? Will no one obey me?"

"I'll Go to Lillian"—Pangbourne.

"You see that you have no control. And now what do you say?" Violet stood before him aggressively as if inviting a blow. Pangbourne's fists were clenched and his arms pressed against his chest. His breath came in great gasps. His long hair hung over his brow, and and it was wet with perspiration.

"Shall I go, Madam?" asked Benson, with unchanged expression.

"No, wait." She turned once more to her husband. "What do you say?" she repeated.

"I say," he panted, "that you are a bad, wicked woman. You have made my life a hell. Do what you like. You have never given me love—not even esteem. I'll have no more of you. I'll go to some one who cares for me—yes, who will give me the love you have denied me. I know it"—he burst into a hysterical laugh—"you say that you have no one—that I am unloved—uncared for. I'm not—I'm not—it is a lie. See for yourself." With trembling fingers he tore Lillian's letter from his pocket and threw it at his wife's feet. "See—read!" he screamed, "you who say I am unloved. What do I care? I'll go to her who wrote me that letter. She says: 'If you are in trouble, come.' And what she says she means—oh, I know her. She is an angel, and you—you are a fiend from hell."

"You hear all this, Benson?" Violet stooped and picked up the letter, which she carefully thrust into the bosom of her dress.

"Yes, madam."

"What do I care if he hears? What do I care for anything? I tell you what I am going to do. I will not stay another minute with you. I'll go to her. You—you viper!"

Slaps His Wife.

Words failed him and he gasped, brokenly.

"Go—and find comfort with your"—Violet did not finish the sentence, for her husband raised his hand threateningly.

"Be silent, woman!"

"I won't. I shall say it if it is the truth," she cried. She was acting a part, doing her utmost to force her husband to a blow. "Strike me if you like; you are brute enough. You have always been a brute to me." This was for the edification of the footman. "Go to your—"

The desired blow fell. Pangbourne struck out awkwardly with his open hand. He had never aimed a blow in anger in his life, and no sooner had he done so than remorse overcame him. Mrs. Pangbourne's cheek was red, and she began to cry; forced though they were, the tears came readily.

"You brute—you brute," she sobbed, as she sank down on the sofa.

He had struck a woman, and that woman was his wife. Pangbourne shuffled his foot and began to mutter excuses. He looked from one to another of the witnesses of his act.

"I didn't mean——" he began.

"Go—your presence is hateful—it makes me ill."

"Violet, I——"

"Go—go." Violet felt that these indications of remorse must not be encouraged. They were natural to her husband's weak nature. She would have preferred him to have repeated the blow.

Turned Out of His Home.

He stole from the room like a beaten cur. On the stairs he slipped and nearly fell. He was at a loss what he should really do. Go to Lilian as he had threatened? Of course, that was in his mind. But his weak brain refused to grasp the carrying out of so drastic a happening. Was he leaving this house which had been his father's never to return to it? It was a departure from his groove which he was unable to realize. He must go out—but later he must return home, and all would be as he was accustomed to know it. He was absolutely incapable of heroic measures.

"Of course, I must come back," he muttered to himself. "It is my own home—my own money." He could not fully understand the possibility of a refusal by his wife to continue the supplies which she had doled out to him. "I gave it to her first," was with him an indisputable argument.

For a moment he was inclined to return to the drawing room, but his natural timidity prevented him from doing this. "I must go out," he told himself, "if only for a little while. I'll go and see Lilian; she will advise me. 'If you are in sorrow or in trouble, come,' she wrote to me—bless her. And I am in trouble." He sighed plaintively and sought in his pocket for Lilian's letter. Not finding it there, he remembered how it had passed into his wife's possession. In his passion he had thrown it from him.

Feared Tweedledum.

A dim conception of the folly of his action came upon him, and he tugged nervously at his beard. "I had no right to do it," he muttered. "It was a private letter—to me—and I have betrayed my trust. I must go back—and—and I must tell my wife that I am sorry I struck her."

He rose as if to go upstairs, but stopped, vacillating once more. That man George Tweedledum was there, and he could not meet him. No—tomorrow—tomorrow—he could do nothing till the morrow. He sank down into his chair and rocked to and fro in weak despair.

Suddenly he heard the door of the drawing room opened and footsteps on the landing. He could not meet them now. Hurriedly he rose, and, seizing up his hat from the hall, made for the front door. He shut it behind him without noise. As he turned he felt in his pocket to ascertain that he had not forgotten his latchkey.

As soon as the drawing room door had closed behind Pangbourne, Violet sprang to her feet. Her face was still flushed, and the cheek which her husband had struck bore the imprint of his fingers. A heavy signet ring which the man had been wearing had cut the skin, and there was a trace of blood round the margin of the little wound.

"You saw—and heard, Benson?" She had now to secure the services of the man-servant as a valuable witness.

"Yes, madam."

"Fixing" Their Witness.

"You understand that I shall institute proceedings for divorce against my husband, and that you will be subpoenaed to appear at the trial?"

"Yes, madam."

"You can bear witness as to his cruelty to me—that he struck me—and that he left the house to go—to some one whom he preferred to me?"

"It shall be worth your while," put in Tweedledum, advancing and slipping something into the footman's hand. "Mrs. Pangbourne has always spoken of you as a good servant, Benson, and one in whom she has every confidence. You will stand by her in this trouble? It will assure your place—and a good bit more besides."

The stolid footman glanced from the corners of her eyes at the speaker and his left lid quivered with the merest suggestion of a wink. Benson was intimate with the affairs of his master. He knew well enough which was the stronger side and from whom the recompense for his faithful services would be forthcoming. Certainly it was not from Pangbourne.

"Benson's all right," said Tweedledum, "and he will know just what to say. Cruelty, eh? Neglect covering a long period of time. How long have you been in Mrs. Pangbourne's service, Benson?"

"Fifteen months, sir."

"Right. Then you recognized this neglect from the start. You know that Pangbourne has forsaken his wife—for others. You have seen scented notes."

"Like the one I handed Mr. Pangbourne this evening. Yes, sir." The footman grinned as he spoke.

"Bolt the Door," She Said.

"Just so. You have seen Mrs. Pangbourne with tears in her eyes, you have heard angry discussions between them"——

"I thought once I heard a blow"—

"Just as you saw one this evening. That is excellent, Benson. I see you understand what is needed of you. I'll talk the whole matter over with you in a few day's time. At present Mrs. Pangbourne is too much upset. I think you can go."

The footman was about to retire, when he was arrested by a call from Violet.

"And, Benson, you will bolt the front door from the inside tonight. And on no pretense are you to readmit my husband, you understand?"

"Yes, my lady." Then, after a pause: "I don't believe he has gone out yet, my lady."

"Then go and help him on with his coat and see him out. I won't have him in the house another minute."

The footman left the room. It was the sound of his footsteps on the stairs which hastened the departure of Pangbourne.

"That's all right." Tweedledum sat himself down again on the sofa by Violet's side and mopped his forehead with a large handkerchief, for the room was warm and he bore the heat badly. "We've done better tonight, Vi, than even I expected."

Violet leaned back lazily with her hand resting on a handsomely embroidered cushion. She had picked up a silver mirror and was examining the small wound upon her cheek. Her full arm was covered with bracelets and her fingers glittered with diamonds.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Motherhood an Inspiration to a Career

Ethel Barrymore, One of Many Famous Women to Disprove the Narrow Idea That Marriage Is a Millstone Around the Neck of Fame

Photo by Curtis Bell.

Ethel Barrymore (Mrs. Russell Colt) with her three children. Sam is the eldest, Ethel II. next and John Drew is the baby.

By Margery Rex.

THERE used to be a very considerable element of the human race that thought it necessary for a woman to lose the heart and the mind of a woman in order to win the wages of a man. Just why anybody should attach sex or gender to a dollar I confess I cannot see, but the old idea seemed to be that a woman couldn't make a living with a womanly mind; that she couldn't establish a career if she made the mistake of marrying and that the bringing up of a family was a bar to fame.

This idea has gone. Of course, it never did have any basis for existence, but since what people think might generally just as well be true, the old fogy notion lived on and on through the years without stopping to take stock of the actual facts. Some of the greatest women in the world, women who went out and accomplished big things, had in their private lives the dearest and simplest loves. They had the hearts of school girls that had no possible connection with their mental ability to coin a living.

Such women, with force to command, and the longing to be commanded on the other side of the picture, lived in the days of the grandfather, who never dreamed of woman suffrage. But they were few. Now they are many. The war, and the progress of women politically, will make them more and more common.

What more shining example can be found than Ethel Colt? Probably a lot of you will not recognize her by that name. That is why I used it. She is known to every one as Miss Ethel Barrymore, one of the greatest stage stars that the generation has produced. Well, Ethel Barrymore goes to the stage to work out her destiny. Ethel Colt comes home to caress the baby and play with the other two children, and one would not care to find a more domestic picture than she presents when she is in the world that pleases her most.

Where the one world is the world of her career; the other is the world of her heart.

It must be very restful for Miss Ethel Barrymore to go home and be Mrs. Russell Griswold Colt and play the domestic role of mother to her three interesting children—Samuel Pomeroy, named for his paternal grandfather; Ethel Barrymore and the baby, John Drew. There are three generations of distinguished stage ancestry behind these children. Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, of Philadelphia, well known to the playgoers of an earlier day, were their great-grandparents. Their maternal grandparents were Maurice Barrymore and Georgiana Drew Barrymore; John Drew is their great-uncle, and the popular John and Lionel Barrymore are among the children's uncles.

Miss Barrymore has ever contended that she went on the stage because she just had to, but her heart is with her babies and the role she prefers is that of mother.

(On Thursday watch for another famous woman—Alma Gluck—who has also proved that motherhood has added to her fame.)

HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES

By Brice Belden, M. D.

ARTERIOSCLEROSIS, or hardening of the arteries, is a chronic affection of the walls of the blood vessels, characterized by degenerative changes and more or less fibrous hardening.

This hardening of the arteries is a natural accompaniment of old age. It constitutes disease when it appears before the time when it would be a natural change.

The conditions which cause its appearance before the natural time are as follows: Chronic Bright's disease, alcoholism, excessive muscular work, overeating, lack of exercise, gout, excessive mental strain, chronic lead poisoning and disease of the blood. It sometimes follows typhoid fever and rheumatism. These conditions give rise to long-continued high blood pressure, which finally wears out the walls of the vessels.

Normally the walls of the blood vessels are highly elastic, like strong rubber tubing, but in arteriosclerosis the vessels become thickened, crooked and rigid.

The treatment must be directed to the underlying condition. No alcohol should be used. Tobacco should be used in moderation or not at all. There must be no mental or physical over-exertion, but gentle exercise in the open air is permissible. The best diet consists of fruit, vegetables, cereals, milk, bread and butter. Little or no tea and coffee should be used. There are a few drugs which have beneficial effects, but these must be ordered and watched by a physician.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Could You Be Happy?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen and motherless. I live with strangers and have to support a little sister. I met a young man seven years my senior and he asked me to marry him. My relatives know him and know his character. He earns a large salary and is able to support a wife. But he has one fault—he is very stingy. I don't love him, but my friends say I will learn to love him. Kindly advise what to do. UNDECIDED.

HOW much happiness do you think you will have with a man you call stingy and for whom you feel no love? After all, you are marrying him—if marry him you do—for money; if he does not give it to you, what are you going to get out of your ugly bargain? I don't believe much in "learning to love." Learning to admire and respect and be fond of a man are all possible if he is kind and generous and his character is fine. On the other hand, love is not quite the romantic, feverish, sentimental thing of moonshine and kisses and heart throbs which girls imagine it. With affection, respect and congeniality, you might find happiness. But with nothing but money to give you joy, how can you possibly feel like anything but a creature who has sold herself? Think over your own feelings toward the man, and don't marry him because you are too lazy to go on earning an honest living. Marriage is a big job. It requires two partners working together amiably to make a go of it.

Worthy and Worthless

WHY A WORKER REFUSED A REQUEST

Loretto Lynch Gives an Interesting Study of Frugality and Carelessness.

By Loretto C. Lynch,

Instructor War Cookery N. Y. Evening High School for Women.

"AND another thing about her," continued the village Household Task Deserter as she continued to polish over her manicured nails. "She's just as mean as she can be. Why, only yesterday she refused to give financial assistance to the Sullivans!"

The woman "on the pan" was Mrs. Thrifty, age, twenty-nine; color, white; married, two children.

And who were the Sullivans? The Sullivan was the typical large family whose forebears for generations had been "long on love and short on discipline." The mother excused the father's workless days with the smiling assertion, "All men have their faults. Sure, if he was the kind that worked every day, he might be the kind that would beat me."

The older girls, age sixteen and eighteen, worked—at least they put in the time between morning and evening in a department store, occasionally allowing themselves to be interrupted sufficiently long between the gushes of "and he said—and then the vampire comes on with a knife in her hand—and"—to answer an annoying customer.

Ninety per cent of the girls' meagre salary went for tawdry clothing. The rest was divided between cheap rouge, carfare and the blood and thunder motion picture houses.

The Sullivans had another mark of distinction. The neighbors' cats and dogs always found their garbage can full of every food known to delight the canine palate. And so the family had run along until—well, last week the "head of the house" became ill. His disease was politely called 'grippe," but some folks dared to think it was due to auto-intoxication—from overeating and too little exercise. Then, too, the floorwalker, a cruel man, dismissed the Sullivan girls for wasting their employer's time. On top of it all, food prices were mounting.

Sullivan got good pay as a laborer when he worked. There was no food stored up in cans on the pantry shelf, for during prosperous times Mrs. Sullivan couldn't be bothered canning. Such nonsense, when you can run out at any time and buy a can of most anything!

And while Mrs. Thrifty canned and planned and cheated—the garbage pail—the Sullivans had a real "good time." They took in the movies; they went on excursions during the Summer; they had the pick of the peddler's wagon, and no small quantities, either!

And the appeal "Eat more fish, eggs, beans and save the meat for your soldiers at the front" brought only a supercilious ley grin from their countenance!

A kind soul found out their plight, called on all the neighbors to help them. And almost everybody put their seal of approval upon this family's wastefulness, shiftlessness and laziness by responding—all except Mrs. Thrifty, and she told the collector something like this:

"Give the Sullivans of my store of supplies? Not I. When they were having what they considered a good time, I was working—and working hard to do my bit by my family and my country. What good are they? Only those of value deserve to eat. Good-day."

Cruel? Stony-hearted? I'm not so sure that it is. Let them starve? Well, not exactly. They might be put into the embarrassing position of asking charity from the State.

We are getting so into the habit of giving that many are giving carelessly. No woman or man able to stand up has the right to go from door to door begging! It is indeed the day of conservation, and every alert, progressive community will make up its mind to teach those lazy, shiftless ones among it that their day is over, done and past.

The Indians, in their primitive intelligence and driven by the pressure of necessity, drove off the idle, the useless and the slackers. Facing all kinds of danger to obtain food, they very wisely divided up only with those who were "doing their bit." And it seems to me high time that each community took a strong stand against people who are the cause of their own poverty.

The sentiment, "I'm as good as you are," has wrecked many homes. In its wake follows "The best and lots of it or nothing." And they feast one day and spend enough to shock even an inexperienced mess sergeant, but then they become socialistic and want the thrifty neighbor to divide!

And just what is the thrifty neighbor doing now? She is making her war garden. She is making over last season's clothes. She is canning strawberries and asparagus. She is canning rhubarb for next Winter's pies. She is buying a ton of coal each time she has enough money, for she remembers last Winter. She watches her newspaper carefully for sales of things she really needs and tries to supply wants. She is studying how to perfect her housekeeping system so that she may have more free time for higher ilife. And one other thing she is doing—she is making up her mind that she is not going to encourage shiftlessness by careless giving.

And the same woman is planning just how she can help those few and far between cases of "not-brought-on-by-self-poverty" that are deserving of every good neighbor's charity.

Puss in Boots Jr.

A PLEASING GOOD-NIGHT SERIES

By David Cory.

I WAS dreadfully sorry to keep you waiting until now to tell you what happened after the wicked robber caught little Puss Junior. But you see there was no more room in yesterday's story, and I couldn't telephone to all the little girls and boys who read these good-night stories about little Puss Junior.

Well, just as the big robber caught Puss Junior the Giant Merrylaugh, whom I told you about many stories ago, came up, and when he saw what was the matter he called out in a terrible loud voice, "Don't you hurt my friend, Puss Junior!" And of course the robber was so frightened that he dropped Puss, who ran over to Mr. Merrylaugh and jumped up on his shoulder.

"I'm going to knock your castle all to pieces," said the giant, and he swung his club and down came the chimney, and some of the bricks fell into a pond a mile away, for Mr. Merrylaugh could knock a home run with a brick as well as a New York Giant could with a baseball bat, let me tell you.

"Stop, stop," said little Puss Junior. "There's a little yellow bird in a cage inside the castle and a little black cricket, too. Let us get them out before we knock the castle all to pieces. So Mr. Giant Merrylaugh reached inside and lifted out the little wicker cage, and then he looked all around for the little cricket, but he couldn't find him.

"Here I am," said the little cricket, and he hopped out of the grass and into Puss Junior's pocket before you could say "Hippity hop!"

And then the giant swung his club and down came that castle like a house of cards and the robbers who were inside had to crawl out of the cellar window, and as soon as they saw the giant, they ran away as fast as they could.

"Now you get out of here," said the giant to the big robber, who was trembling so he almost fell down. And then Mr. Giant Merrylaugh put Puss on his shoulder and marched away with the wicker birdcage in his hand and the little black cricket in his coat pocket.

Well, after a while they came to the giant's house. But oh, what a big place it was. It was as large as the Pennsylvania station and twice as high, and when the little cricket looked out of the giant's pocket, he thought it must be a city.

And when they were all seated in the living room, I mean when the giant and Puss sat down, for the little cricket of course as soon as the giant put him on the floor, hid himself in a crack, and the little yellow bird, as soon as her cage was hung up, began to sing. Mr. Merrylaugh sat down at the piano and played the same music she was singing, and these are the words to the tune:

"Tra la la la la, tra la la la,
Four merry comrades are we,
A cricket a cat, and big giant man,
And a yellow bird out of a tree."

And next time I'll tell you some more about these four jolly comrades.

To Be Continued.